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THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908.

REQUEST OF MERCHANTS SHOULD BE HEED.

Now that the Merchants' Association and the management of the electric light company have reached an amicable agreement on the subject of rates for lights and power, it is to be hoped that the city council will not precipitate trouble by adopting that section of the license tax ordinance recommended by the finance committee which is designed to regulate electric current rates.

The merchants objected strenuously to the recent reduction in the discounts allowed by the electric company, and called upon the council for help. The finance committee of the council, very wisely, called for an investigation before taking any steps in the matter. To the surprise of nearly all the parties concerned, an investigation revealed the fact that the rates of the local company compared most favorably with those charged by the electric corporations of other cities. Upon learning these facts, the merchants approached the management of the company and proposed a compromise. The company consented to make the light rates what they were before the recent change, and to give a rate of from 9 to 6 cents per kilowatt hour on power. On their part, the merchants agreed to appear before the finance committee and request that no change whatever be made in that section of the license tax ordinance concerning electric companies. This proposition was submitted to a special meeting of the Merchants' Association and was unanimously ratified.

When the compromise was presented to the finance committee the committee were inclined to believe that the merchants had put them to a lot of trouble for nothing, and that the association, having secured what its members desired, was dropping the fight without regard for the interests and wishes of other people. On account of this feeling, the committee ignored the request of the merchants, and proceeded to recommend the section of the ordinance as it had been drawn by the city attorney. This section places the license tax on the company at what it was last year, provided the rates for light shall be what they were before the recent change, and the rates for power from 9 to 6 cents per kilowatt hour. In the event rates in excess of the above are charged, a very material increase in the license tax is provided.

The finance committee of the present council is one of the best, if not the best, with which a council of this city has ever been blessed. The committee are able, conservative and energetic men, and it is seldom that they make a mistake. It does seem, however, that the committee erred in recommending the passage of the light company section of the license tax ordinance.

It is eminently proper that the council should fight for the rights of the public when a fight is necessary. If the corporations attempt to gouge the citizens, then the council should give battle to the last ditch for justice.

City Attorney Massie has advised the council that the city may regulate the rates of public service corporations by license tax. Mr. Massie

generally knows what he is talking about and probably is right in this instance, but the corporations do not admit it and there will be a long-drawn-out fight in the courts if an attempt is made to compel the lighting company by taxation to give certain rates. In the meantime the rates will be kept up, and even if they are put down at the end, dispute and bad feeling will have been caused, and no great object will have been accomplished as far as this particular case is concerned. Let the question of whether or not the city can regulate rates by taxation be tested in some instance where there is real ground for complaint. There is no reason for constructing a bridge in this case for no other purpose than to have it to cross.

Of about 1,280 consumers of electric current, 1,103 are not affected in any way by this rate question.

All except a few of the comparatively small number affected are represented in the Merchants' Association. The merchants are satisfied and want a truce, the public generally is not concerned—then why should not the request of the merchants be heeded?

THE DISCIPLINE OF COLONEL STEWART.

It does not seem improbable that the attention of Congress and the people of the country will be drawn to the peculiar sentence of punishment, for such it virtually is—that has been pronounced by the administration regarding Colonel William F. Stewart of the Coast Artillery Corps of the regular army. This officer who is a veteran of many years of service, and who has not yet reached the age when retirement becomes compulsory, has been ordered to go to a practically abandoned and isolated post in the deserts of Arizona, which is several miles from any settlement or post, free or railroad and which is now said to be tenanted by a single caretaker. Since it is not expected that he will be permitted to leave the station without official sanction, he will be forced to spend his time in lonely idleness unless the war department shall relent.

It is explained that this extraordinary action has been taken by the authorities with the approval of the President, if not by his direct instructions, because Colonel Stewart, while avoiding the kind of misconduct which would subject him to court-martial proceedings, has shown himself to be undesirable as an army officer. The order of retiring is said to have been extended to him; but he refused to accept it on account of the fact that he would be entitled next year to retire with the higher pay and rank of brigadier-general which is bestowed on officers of his grade when they arrive at the age when the law withdraws them from the active list.

Whatever his demerits have been, it is not clear that this method of treatment is justified. Army regulations prescribe penalties for infraction of military discipline. If Colonel Stewart has not committed any offense serious enough to bring him to trial, it would seem as if the government could have borne with him for another year or so. Exiling an officer of more than three score years to existence in a deserted station in the Southwestern wilderness may be within official power, but in the absence of definite proof of gross misbehavior on his part, it is not likely to arouse sympathy for him and censure for his superiors. It seems to savor more of the fantastic exercise of authority by an Oriental pasha than the ordered and reasonable procedure of an enlightened government.

We are all very glad that Mrs. Roosevelt and her children had a delightful trip and without any desire of being regarded as ungallant, we would like to ask if any other President ever used government property to the extent that Roosevelt has the Mayflower?

A great deal of the soil in Central Park, New York, is to be given over to the cultivation of potatoes in order to enrich the exhausted soil. As the land is worth a million dollars an acre, it will be the most expensive crop in the world.

Four sons were born in one day to the three daughters of Mrs. Belle Durkee of Faxon, Mass. The first arrivals were twins. Birthdays will mean as much to that family as Christmas.

A young man in Rochester, N. Y., was fined \$125 for carrying a revolver. He will probably think twice before he slips that gun in his pocket again.

A Boston man offers \$50 to anyone who will cure his parrot of using cuss words. What is the matter with a large load of buckshot?

We just cannot see the necessity for mourning stamps. After the stamping machines have gotten through with the stamps they have all the marks of mourning on them.

THE COWBOY REVENGED

A very formal report to the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington tells in a few colorless words how an Apache who murdered a cowboy in New Mexico was meted out punishment by his own race. This is the story, but not in the language of the report:

I.—HUNGER.

Death broods over the Mescalero reservation. The coyotes, slender, furnished, slink hopelessly through the chapparal to the tepee of Da-Ga-In-Ka, and just as hopelessly slink away again. There are no fresh bones behind the wickiup. It has been many sleeps since Da-Ga-In-Ka has tasted meat; not since the last beef killing, with its wanton waste and great feasting, at the agency.

Therefore Da-Ga-In-Ka's woman cowers as she puts before him the jar of cornmeal porridge. The stomach of a warrior craves flesh. And who is Da-Ga-In-Ka, that he should eat the food of women and children and of the craven white man who humbles himself at labor like a squaw? Yet he must endure the close-fisted bounty of the paleface, for now the Apaches are almost civilized and live on the land the white man has allotted them.

Beh! The Great Spirit feeds the eagle. He will feed Da-Ga-In-Ka.

II.—THE COWBOY.

At the ranch the superintendent goes over his tally of the "beef eaters" again. Yes, three are missing. The white man counts even the grains of corn and demeans himself to labor like a squaw. He has none of the traditions of a noble race.

"Jim, go out and try to round up them three steers. Like as not they're on the Mescalero."

A frolic this for Jim McLane, cowpuncher. Hurriedly gathering up a sack of rations from the mess shack he swings himself on his game little Pinto and tears away over the sand and the sage brush. An impetuous, wholesome young fellow is Jim, the most lighthearted of the lot. His bandanna neckcloth flutters jauntily as he rides.

Over on the edge of the Mescalero he meets Indians. The greetings exchanged are friendly. Steers? Yes, away over that way; saw them not far from Da-Ga-In-Ka's tepee. "Thanks. Have a cigarette." Friendly fellows, these Apaches. Nearly civilized.

III.—FRESH BLOOD.

Da-Ga-In-Ka's squaw shakes him by the shoulders. The brave grunts drowsily; he is so gorged with meat. She has seen something again, and this time it is a horseman. He has dismounted near the carcass of a steer which has been quartered. Nearby are the ashes of Da-Ga-In-Ka's campfire. Look, he is angry. He will complain to the agent. The agent will cast Da-Ga-In-Ka in the prison of the white man—Da-Ga-In-Ka, a proud sovereign of the arid plains.

IV.—BIG GAME.

They find Jim McLane lifeless near the quartered steer, which is to say, near Da-Ga-In-Ka's deserted tepee. The other Apaches are aghast. For the tribe is civilized—nearly. The white man's brows are black, and the blue in his eyes snaps like flint. "We want Da-Ga-In-Ka," the agent says. "Time was when this meant war paint. But the Apaches are getting civilized by degrees. The Mescalero has been defiled with savagery, and the white man who does out the beef is angry."

Away! Find Da-Ga-In-Ka!

V.—ON THE BRINK OF REFUGE. To the Apache braves the trail of Da-Ga-In-Ka across the desert is as plain as a post road. Ever on. Far ahead beyond the purple haze of distance toil the fugitive and his squaw. He is strong; he has eaten. He is stout of heart. The squaw is fresh, too. The ponies are weary. They have not eaten so much.

The little group enters the mountains. These are the Sacramento mountains. It is well. From the mountains Da-Ga-In-Ka can almost see the Rio Grande. Mexico is his goal.

VI.—THE LAST STAND.

Here is a cavalcade coming up the pass. So close? It is the pursuit. Da-Ga-In-Ka sees they are Apaches. The fire of his forefathers is in the fugitive. He faces them with his cherished old Winchester in hand. "Come back to the Mescalero," shouts the leader.

"Brothers, go your way. I will go mine." This is the sudden answer. The column moves again, forward. The hunted savage gazes at his brethren fixedly. Then, with the supple back of a snake he slips from his blanket, drops to his knees and puts the cool butt of his rifle to his swart cheek. He sings the war song of the Apaches.

Behind him crouches his squaw trembling. This is because she is a woman, and fears the white man who can turn the redskin against his kind.

The Winchester is a barking merly, and a shower of ejected shells rattles to the ground. Back from the trail comes the echo of the war song, and a volley that tears a cloud of splinters off the crag.

It is soon over. Jim McLane is avenged, and a writhed, ugly squaw is waiting over her dead. Da-Ga-In-Ka is literally rid of his bullets. They say the Mescalero Apaches are becoming civilized.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

It's getting so now that insanity is an excuse for murder, and murder the proof of insanity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The distinction between night riders and tight riders is not great.—Charleston News and Courier.

Experience is a splendid teacher, but Madame Gould just doesn't happen to be a bright pupil.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

As it worries the German Emperor to live on \$3,920,000 a year, it is evident that the discussion about getting married on \$12 a week would not interest him.—Chicago News.

The lee Trust was weakened by the late panic, but it is now strong enough to raise prices.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some people seem to think the April fool is the one who has taken his flannels off.—Pittsburg Press.

Carnegie says he does not smoke because he cannot afford to do so. Andy will have the sympathy of the oysterers Rockefeller family.—Chicago Journal.

"Idiotic," "asinine," "puerile," hats off, gentlemen. The House of Representatives of the United States Congress is now in session.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our battleships may be faulty in construction, but they managed to carry Rob Evans around the Horn all right.—Chicago Journal.

The vice-president has administered a stimulating cocktail to the agitation for early tariff revision.—New York Mail.

Beef Trust prices go up 30 per cent. Some day the Beef Trust will go all the way up.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The noiseless politician has long been in business—and he is about the deadliest of the bunch, too.—Atlanta Georgian.

HEAR THE WORLD'S HEART BEAT

A while forget your troubles. An' hear the world's heart beat: The honey bees will browse for you in all the blossoms sweet!

The flowers will fringe with beauty The pathways where you tread: The birds will sing your sighs away, The fields will give you bread.

A while forget your troubles! Dream that the sky is blue; The black storm has a rainbow— God made the world for you! —From the Atlanta Constitution.

HOT WOODINGS.

One lover wooed with burning words Called her his clover honey; The other made her warm to him By simply burning money. —Chicago Journal.

He Knew Wife.

Mrs. Cougher—It isn't right to charge Freddie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me?

Cougher—Because it wasn't all taken.—Tit-Bits.

As to Men.

"My husband tells me everything he does."
"Certainly."
"Well, I would hate to believe that my husband does everything he tells me."
—Nashville American.



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Southbound.
Lv. New York ... 12:00 m. 12:00 m.
Ar. Phila. ... 2:25 p. m. 2:08 p. m.
Lv. Wash. ... 5:40 p. m. 5:20 p. m.
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1:15 pm	1:30 pm	1:30 pm	2:00 pm
2:45 pm	3:00 pm	3:00 pm	3:30 pm
4:15 pm	4:30 pm	4:30 pm	5:00 pm
5:45 pm	6:00 pm	6:00 pm	6:30 pm
7:15 pm	7:30 pm	7:30 pm	8:00 pm

E. C. HATHAWAY, General Manager.
WM. R. ALLEN, General Superintendent Railways.

Considering that Congress has just made the largest appropriation ever given to the weather bureau, we suggest that we are not at all satisfied with winter lingering in the lap of spring.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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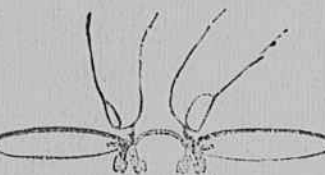
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